A Famous Character of New York Life in the Past.

"Nym Crinkle," the pleasant dramatic writer for the New York *World*, contributes to that journal a number of interesting reminiscences of the Bowery drama.

Referring to Chanfrau, he says that the actor in question was born forty-seven years ago, but nobody thinks of Frank Chanfrau as other than a young man. I don't know the exact circumstances which led him upon the stage; but I can readily see that he was thoroughly a New York boy, naturally quick if not precocious, possessing the proverbial inheritance of "poor but honest parents," forced more or less into the street curriculum, and matriculating by virtue of strong healthy instincts and robust determination. They found a small niche for him in the Park Theatre, when Kean produced his "Richard III." there, and James Anderson was one of the "stars." He "amped" it under Tom Hamblin in the Bowery, and got up so fast that Mitchell, whose eye for such fellows was omnipresent, took him to the Olympic.

THE BROADWAY BANDBOX.

They were a jolly lot of fellows at the Broadway Bandbox in those days. No such fraternity has since existed behind the scenes. The musicians had a musical club in the rabbit-hole under the stage, and the actors got up another impromptu club up stairs, and there being no convenient chop-houses in Houston street then, a great deal of their conviviality bubbled over and gladdened the noisome little green-room of the Olympic.

I think it was Conover who first made the rule that every member of this club, on coming to rehearsal, should bring an original conundrum, tell an original story, make an original carricature, or pay for a pail of beer for the company. At all events, it was a rule that was acquiesced in, and I may say here, parenthetically, that I was shown not long ago a portfolio full of those caricatures which long after were loosened from the walls of the dressing-room and preserved by a loving old virtuoso.

CHANFRAU'S HERO.

Chanfrau had been a Bowery boy, and there were three or four strongly cast individualities that had impressed him in his east-side experiences, and boy-like, the fire-here had been one of the first. He lived up near Essex market with his parents, and nearly every day on his way down was in the habit of dropping in at the Broadway House, on the corner of Grand street, in obedience to the Bowery boy's instinct, and get a sixpenny plate of corned beef. One day, while enjoying this frugal meal, a fellow with a red shirt and open collar came in, and sat down near him. The swagger, the soap-locks, the projected chin, and the saucy air, formed a strong typical picture. He called out to one of the waiters: "Look a-hean! gim me a sixpenny plate ev pork en beans, and don't stop to count dem beans, d'ye hear!"

THE ORIGINAL "MOSE."

The manner and language were intensely characteristic of a certain class then known as "the fire boys." The man himself was Mose Humphreys, a printer employed in the *Sun* office. When Chanfrau reached the theatre and was called upon for his contribution to the club, he told this incident and accompanied it by such an unmistakable imitation of the fireman, that he made a green-room hit. For several days he followed it up with further imitations of Mose Humphreys.

"THE MULBERRY STREET GHOST."

This man was a member of engine company No. 40, whose machine lay in Mulberry street, near Grand. It was a noted apparatus in its day. Nearly all the members were butchers of Center Market. The engine was painted in white and gold, and they came to designate her by such a term of endearment as the "Mulberry Street Ghost." John Cartin was then the foreman, and not only he, but the entire Center Market brood of butcher boys were regular patrons of the Olympic Theatre. A very characteristic anecdote of this engine company was told me a long time since, and as it illustrated most perfectly the phase of life which Chanfrau subsequently caught so accurately, I may as well tell it.

THE TROUBLES OF "FORTY."

"Forty," like most of the other companies, was often engaged in fights. It was the custom then of the authorities, in punishing the men, to take their apparatus away and lock it up in the corporation yard. "Forty," on one occasion suffered this indignity. There was a season of grief around Center Market. "Fellers" sat all over the steps and yawned around the corners, and loafed disconsolately into the cellers, waiting for the "Ghost" to come back. It happened one day that Alderman Bard, of the Fourteenth ward, who had a brass foundry on Canal street, found his cellers flooded, and he sent up to the corporation yard for an engine to pump them out. Very soon after there was a crowd of men grouped about the market, all of them toned down to one hue of grim sadness, when there broke into the party suddenly, an excited butcher boy.

"Sa-yer fellers!" Do yer know where der Ghost be?"

"Why, she's in der yar-d. Where would she be?"

"No she ain't; she's down in Canal street, a suckin' a celler!"

Fancy this information, given with all the contempt which the face and the frenzy of the butcher boy could impart.

A CONCENTRATED HOWL

went up, with many tremendous oaths, which, emanating from butchers, were curiously significant in terms of their calling. Every man managed to damn some one of his viscera, and the whole party started for Canal street, inflamed by the perfectly appalling indignity put upon the "Ghost." I think Mose Humphreys was in the van. At all events they fell upon the Irishmen who were pumping, routed the entire neighborhood and were dragging the machine home, when Alderman Bard appeared and threatened to have the whole company put in the Tombs. It must have been Humphreys, who, with a cigar stump pointing from his mouth to his eye, put his nose into the alderman's face and said:

"Look a-heah, boss; der Ghost can't suck no cellars. She can't!"

An alderman had a good deal of authority then, and this one was determined to have his own way. He swore he'd have every man of them arrested if they touched the machine again. Whereupon, after some words, it must have been Humphreys who compromised the matter in his authoritative style, shaking his finger under the alderman's nose:

"Well, see he-ah, alderman, she can suck your celler, but der Ghost can't suck no other man's celler, by ——!"

THE FIRST APPEARANCE OF "MOSE."

Ben. A. Baker, the prompter at the Olympic, after Chanfrau had created a great deal of merriment by successive imitations of the firemen, suggested to him that these characterizations might be worked into a local sketch and put on the stage. In fact Baker wrote the sketch and called it "A Glance at New York." It was submitted to Mitchell, who condemned it at once with a great deal of justice. "The characters are good," said he, "but what a bad piece." It was laid away and must have been forgotton, had it not been that some time after, Baker was to have a benefit, and being pushed for a novelty, he thought of this sketch and proposed to Chanfrau, who was then playing in subordinate roles to do it. The consequence was that it was produced for the first time at Ben. A. Baker's benefit, on the night of the 15th of February, 1848. There was no Lize or Sikesy at that time. It was, in fact, the merest sketch, depending entirely upon the one figure of Mose for success. Mitchell used to tell how he went on the stage that night just before the curtain was rung up, and seeing Chanfrau at the back dressed for his part, was on the point of ordering him off, supposing that it was one of the Center Market loafers. When the play opened and Chanfrau made his appearance there was a dead silence in the house. This was remarkable, because the patrons of the establishment were in the habit of welcoming every well-known member of the company with applause. They did not recognize Chanfrau as he stood there in his red shirt, with his fire coat thrown over his arm. The stove-pipe hat—better known then as a "plug"—drawn down over one eye, his trousers tucked into his boots, a stump of a cigar pointing up from his lips to his eye, the soap locks plastered flat on his temples and his jaw protruding into a half beastly, half human expression of contemptuous ferocity. For a moment the audience eyed him in silence; not a hand or foot moved to give him a welcome. Taking the cigar stump from his mouth and turning half-way round to spit, he said:

"I ain't a-goin' to run wid dat mercheen any more!"

Instantly there arose from the entire house such

A YELL OF RECOGNITION

as had never been heard in the little house before. Pit and galleries joined in the outcry. It was renewed several times, and "Mose" was compelled to stand, shifting his coat from one arm to the other, and bowing and waiting. Every man, woman and child, recognized in the character all the distinctive external characteristics of the class. It was a complete and instantaneous portraiture. The next night the house was jammed. It had been no easy matter to get three hundred dollars into it (as the box-office phrase goes) on ordinary occasions, but they did squeeze three hundred and forty dollars in on the second night, and turned away about as many people as they accommodated.

THE CHARACTER OF "LIZE."

This little sketch of character ran seven weeks before it received the benefit of a "Lize." Mary Taylor, then a rising and favorite actress, had been shelved by it, and she wanted a part in it. Baker, at Mitchell's suggestion, wrote the part of "Lize" for her, but it seems she utterly mistook the character, playing it in curls and low-neck dress, and was looked upon by the public as an anomaly. At Chanfrau's hint, she had the good sense to reconstruct it, coming out in a neat little calico gown with a plain white collar, and looking for all the world like one of those book-folders that one sees in Chatham street and the Bowery at six o'clock in the evening. Her success in the part dated from that change.

THE SUCCESS OF THE PLAY.

Chanfrau afterward played this piece at two theatres on the same night for six months, and it drew all that time the densest kind of audiences. Mose Humphreys seemed to feel a sort of paternal interest in the play. He went regularly to the Olympic, and having cut his name on the wooden bench in the pit to designate his seat, was in the habit of ousting all other claimants without ceremony. He died in Honolulu several years ago, and it is said he retained the "Mose" characteristics to the last.

[Mose Humphreys came to Honolulu in 1850, in a New Bedford whaler, and for several years kept a sailor's boarding house. In the early days of the fire department, Mose was a member of engine company No. 1, but resigned after a few year's service as the duties of a fireman here were not exciting enough to suit him. He was a perfect encyclopedia on sporting events, and during his residence here kept himself thoroughly posted on matters connected with the "fancy," the New York *Clipper* being his favorite oracle. Mose had the satisfaction on several occasions of witnessing the character, of which he himself was the original, represented on the stage of the Royal Hawaiian Theatre, the play having been produced there for the first time in 1856, by L. F. Beatty, J. S. Townsend and others, with the former as "Mose." The proclivities of Mose, as a member of the "fancy," made him prominent but once here, and that was during the visit of "Yankee Sullivan." With this exception, he was one of the most quiet characters in town, his eccentricities only making him noted. He worked in the *Advertiser* occasionally, and also in the old Mission bindery, being both a book-binder and printer. A short time previous to his death he went to Maui, where he became a farmer on a small scale. He returned to this city and finally died in the Queen's Hospital in 1864.]

PALMERSTON'S FOLLY.—Behind those piles of shot and shell of the most approved patterns, and enough, one would imagine, to see England through months and months of warfare, stands probably the largest mortar in the world, projecting a thirty-six inch shell. The mortar, it appears, is known in gunnery circles by the name of "Palmerston's Folly," in consequence of its having been ordered to be made by that distinguished statesman, and not turning out the success it was anticipated. Some idea may be formed of the element it would have been in a siege-train, had it answered, from the following particulars: The mortar weighs fifty-two tons, without its carriage; the weight of the shell which it projects is, when empty, 2,548 pounds, with its bursting charge, 3,028 pounds. When it was first tried at Woolwich, in 1857, the shell was projected a distance of 2,644 yards, penetrating into the ground where it struck upwards of thirty feet, and making a chasm when it burst upwards of forty feet across. Imagine such a missile used in the siege of a great city like Paris! Each shell would devastate a street; but fortunately for the human race, the mortar cracked after a very short trial, and now stands in the arsenal a monument of fallen greatness, while the shells, which cost £30 each for casting only, form corner-posts, like huge pills, all over Woolwich Common. The Prussians talked of bringing their famous Krupp gun (a 1000-pounder,) to aid in the seige of Paris, but the enormous difficulties attending its transport, and the uncertainty of being able to provide proper ammunition, caused the idea to be relinquished, and the Krupp gun, like our fifty-two-ton mortar, is probably reposing in gigantic idleness within the walls of an arsenal. The battle is not always to the strong, and one of the little soft nine-pounder field pieces would, from its superior quickness of manipulation, probably do more mischief at 2000 yards than even the Titanic missiles above described.—*Belgravia.*

Traveling Experience.

BY DONN PIATT.

I never left a depot yet that somebody was not put under my care. I don't know why this is; I suppose it is something in my countenance; if I knew what, I would have it extracted. I don't like having unprotected females and school boys and girls turned over to me. It's a little hard on a man. And what's the good of it? Nobody needs protection; if any one does, it is a benevolent, good-looking, innocent sort of man—such as the writer of this.

I was leaving on the morning train once from Philadelphia, when a respectable-looking old scoundrel, in gold-rimmed glasses, asked me to take charge of his daughter. She could have taken charge of me. She was 30 if a day, with a face that had been on the offensive for ten years. I'd like to see any man attack that woman; I'd go odds ten to one on the scratch.

The old fellow seemed to be in a great hurry, and thrusting the lady under my arm left the cars and drove off. In a thin, angular voice, that was meant to be very sweet and was not, she asked me to take her pocket-book and get the necessary ticket. I left the car for that purpose, but when I approached the opening where the ticket agent, kept in solitary confinement, snaps at the world outside, I found I had left my pocket-book under my pillow at the hotel, and what was worse, my watch with it. I had about twenty minutes, and jumping into a hack I promised the driver ten dollars if he would get to the hotel and back in time for the train. He started off at a furious rate, ran over an old apple stand, crippled a venerable gentleman on the opposite corner, and in much less than the time stated, I and the driver found ourselves marched off to the station in the hands of the police. We were taken before a corpulent Justice of the Peace, who had as much adipoise in his head as most men carry about their muscles, and it took the old fellow just two hours to try, reprimand and fine us for our drunken and disorderly conduct. Of course the train went off with my charmer. It went off without her pocket-book. I never saw her again, although I made diligent search and advertised in the daily papers. But one unfortunate day, some months after, I encountered a male member of her family, who made some serious charges against me connected with the desertion of a lady and stealing her pocket-book. I tried to explain, but, failing to get my words in satisactorily, was forced to make an assault on this male member of her family, that ended in some black eyes and bloody noses.

Now what was the good of putting that aged female under my care? It only led to her giving me that pocket-book and the catastrophe that followed. She could just as well have gone off on the Pennsylvania Central without as with me. The thing is an outrage. If people want to put their females under the care of anybody, let them try the conductors—they are hired for such purposes—and not impose upon innocent passengers.

I was reminded of this by an adventure that happened to me the other night in New York. I was about leaving on the 9 o'clock train for Washington, when a man who was in search of me approached. I know he was in search of me. He was in search of some respectable, benevolent individual to put a woman under his care. And he did. She happened to be rather good looking, and I didn't object in a violent way, but I was neither very graceful or gracious over the compliment. When I came to secure a section in the sleeping-car, I found that a delegation of pious people were going to Washington on some charitable business, and had taken nearly all the berths. I secured two—at least I thought I had—and marched my female, with her two carpet-sacks, strap-satchel, mocking-bird, silk umbrella, with a water-proof, and two shawls done up in straps, into 161. When we arrived inside, I learned for the first time that my unprotected female could not abide the sleeping-cars. She said she felt like suffocating, and I wished secretly she would suffocate; but when we came to occupy our berths I made two very disagreeable discoveries. The first was that the two tickets called for the same berth; the other, that this berth was the upper one. My female friend said positively that she could not get into that berth. I informed her that it was her only chance to sleep, and she told me she would rather sit up. I then gave her the further information that that was all very well, but in a sleeping-car there was no place to sit except on a wash-basin, and that I thought would be rather inconvenient. At last, with the aid of a step-ladder, the steward, and two pious old Pomps, my unprotected female was boosted into her roost, and the curtains closed over her for the night.

Then came the question of what was to become of the undersigned. I consulted the conductor and the steward, and had the satisfaction of hearing the fact stated that if I had told them earlier the blunder might have been remedied, but as it was, the pious delegation had retired for the night, and all the berths were occupied. The conductor, however, told me that he would try and make some arrangement, and then went off about his business.

A drunken man had been captured on the platform as we started, where he was found addressing the stars in a vociferous way, the sleeping-car ticket fished out of his pocket, and the inebriate fellow chucked into an upper berth. I was leaning against the washstand of the car in a very melancholy way some time after, when this intoxicated fellow stuck his head out and, addressing me, said:

"I would like to have a drink."

"Water?" said I.

"No, curse it, darn water! I want some whisky; I'm as dry as a chip."

"Well," I responded, "I am sorry to say that I have none about me."

"Ain't you the conductor?"

"No," I answered, "I don't believe I am."

"Nor do I. If you were the conductor you'd have something to drink. Where is the conductor?"

I told him he was in the other car.

"Well," he said, "I have a great mind to get up and bustle around till I get a drink."

"My Christian friend," I said, "there is nothing in the Constitution nor sixteen amendments that prohibits you from getting up and hunting a drink, if you want it."

Whereupon the inebriated individual rolled out of the berth. He rolled into several others, and was promptly ejected, and at last getting his legs, disappeared at the further end of the car.

I took in the situation at a glance. Here was a berth vacant. Above it was a white hat. I immediately removed that white hat. I carried it further along and put it over a Christian association, who was lost in the sleep of innocence and peace, and then returning I ensconced myself in the berth of the man who had a constitutional right to a drink. I was dropping into a slumber, for I always sleep on a car devoted to that business and invented by Mr. Pullman; the motion has the same effect upon my brain that rocking has upon a child, and I not, do sleep easily but profoundly. In a few seconds I should have been beyond all disturbance, but it happened I was awakened out of my first wink by a row in an adjoining section. There seemed to be a pitched battle going on between one of the delegates and a gentleman who claimed the berth to be the one he had just vacated. I heard him say, "Now get out of that;" and he called the good man the offspring of a female dog, adding thereto some very profound language. The conductor came to the rescue of the weary delegate, and when the man called attention to the fact of the white hat, he puzzled him sorely by showing him two or three white hats further along in the same car. At this the inebriate passenger desisted, but as soon as the conductor's back was turned he renewed the fight with the next white hat, insisting just as positively that that was his berth, and with the same profound and violent language and scuffle. He was repulsed only to begin again, and he kept fighting there good Christian gentlemen who were so unfortunate as to have white hats, until I fell asleep and dreamed till morning of my earlier youth—of the church, not round the corner, but in the glen, where the forest trees brushed against the windows, and the sunlight came down as if in response to the prayers of the beautiful maidens, and snowy-headed fathers of the land. I only awoke when entering the sinful city of Washington.

THE IMPENDING PAPAL ELECTION.—The collapse of the temporal power has sorely damped the spirits of the Infallibilists, and has greatly raised the courage of those who, with varying degrees of frankness and vigor, were opposed to the last Papal move. Cardinals and Monsignori, whose opposition was of a mitigated character, while the strong current of Ultramontane passion ran in full tide, and whose opposition was mitigated by the supposed necessity of sinking minor differences in the interests of the temporal power, take now another view of the question with the Italian Government definitely established in Rome. These Cardinals and Monsignori, having no longer any reason to be silent, are speaking out. The temporal power is gone. What if the spiritual authority in Bavaria and Austria, in the Rhine provinces, in many a French diocese, should share the same fate? The Liberal party in the Vatican are desirous of warding off this mischief. They are at present doing everything in their power to make Pius IX—if not absolutely retrace his steps—that would be too great, too public, too signal a humiliation—at least slacken speed, and no longer hurry downward on the steep and dangerous path which he has been lately treading. Should their efforts prove altogether unsuccessful, they will openly side with Dollinger and Father Hyacinthe. These are no vague and idle dreams—they are the plain, straightforward assurances of great Catholic churchmen, by whom such a course is regarded as the sole means capable, if not of saving St. Peter's bark, at least of constructing such a raft or life-boat as may enable them to reach the shore in safety. Nor must it be forgotten that these men have their own personal jealousies and vanity and ambition, of which the hopes and aims are menaced by the attitude of the Pope, and by the new administrative instruments at his disposal for giving effect to his schemes, his desires, or it may be his mere caprice. It is well known that he proposes by a special bull, possessing the sanction of his newly assumed personal infallibility, to overrule and override the ancient usages of the Sacred College. By the exercise of this new authority, he will nominate his successor. Cardinal Patrizi is designated as such, and the Cardinal will be authorized to assume at once the Papal tiara, without the regular summoning and legal formalities of a conclave. Cardinal Patrizi is also associated by the Pope in the cares of the present, as preparatory to those of his own future Government. It may perhaps interest the author of "Sartor Resartus" to be informed that among the most pressing anxieties of the future Pontiff at the present moment is the idea of so completely remodeling the dress of the clergy, both secular and regular, that it shall no longer associate the persons of the wearers with the memories of medieval times, but place them, in outward garb at least, on a footing not greatly different from the rest of their fellow citizens.

THE NEBULÆ DISCOVERED BY THE HERSCHELS.—In ancient times astronomers had noticed five spots in the heavens where a cloudy sort of light could be recognized. These spots they had called "cloudy stars." But not very long after the invention of the telescope, several more of these star-cloudlets began to be recognized. Lacaille discovered forty-five in the southern heavens, and Messier, the comet-seeker, made a list of no less than 103. The star-cloudlets or nebulæ, known when Sir W. Herschel began his researches, amounted to less than 150. In the year 1786, that astronomer began his contributions to the list of known nebulæ by sending a catalogue of no less than 1,000 of these objects to the Royal Society. Three years later, he sent in a list of yet another thousand nebulæ, and in 1802, (when he was sixty-four years old,) another list containing 500 of these objects. In other words, during sixteen years, this indefatigable observer noted the places of more than sixteen times as many of these celestial cloudlets as all preceding observers had been able to record. Sir John Herschel having proposed to himself the task of completing, at a southern station, the survey of the heavens which his father had commenced, thought it necessary to prepare himself for the work by re-surveying the northern heavens. While thus engaged, he discovered 500 nebulæ which had escaped his father's notice. Then proceeding to the Cape of Good Hope, he examined those parts of the heavens which had been invisible from his father's northerly observatory, and in 1847 communicated a list of 1,708 star-clouds, discovered during the progress of this survey. In all, Sir John Herschel discovered no less than 2,208 nebulæ, his father having discovered 2,500. As the whole number of known nebulæ in our day amounts to but 5,200, it will be seen that more than nine out of every ten known nebulæ were discovered by the Herschels.—*Cornhill Magazine.*